

The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
 Loe as the barke that hath dischargd his fraught,
 Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she wayed her anchorage:
 Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
 To resalute his country with his teares,
 Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
 Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
 Romaines, of five and twenty valiant sonnes,
 Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
 Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
 These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
 These that I bring vnto their latest home,
 With buriall amongst their auncestors.
 Heere *Goths* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkiade, and careles of thine owne,
 Why sufferst thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
 To houer on the dreadfull shore of *Stix*?
 Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
 And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
 O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
 Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
 How many sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Lucius. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,
 That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
 Before this earthy prison of their bones,
 That so the shadowes be not vnapeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Titus

of Titus Andronicus

Titus. I giue him you, the no
 The eldest sonne of his distressed
Tamora. Stay Romaine brethren
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I
 A mothers teares in passion for h
 And if thy sonnes were euer deer
 Oh thinke my sonne to be as dee
 Sufficeth not that we are brought
 To beautifie thy triumphs, and r
 Captiue to thee, and to thy Roma
 But must my sonnes be slaughter
 For valiant doings in their Count
 O if to fight for king and commo
 Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus slaine not thy tombe
 Wilt thou draw neere the nature
 Draw neere them then in being n
 Sweet mercy is Nobilities true ba
 Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first
Titus. Patient your selfe Mada
 These are their brethren, whome
 Aliue and dead, and for their bre
 Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
 To this your sonne is markt and c
 Tappease their groning shadowes
Lucius. Away with him and ma
 And with our swords vpon a pile
 Let's hew his limbestill they be cl
 Exit *Titus* sonnes with
Tamora. O cruell irreligious pi
Chiron. Was euer *Scythia* halfe
Deme. Oppose not *Scythia* to a
Alarbus goes to rest, and we surui
 To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning